



The Speeches and  
**HONORABLE**

Entertainment giuen to the Queenes

MAIESTIE in Progresse, at Cowdrey in  
Suffex, by the right Honorable the

*Lord Montacute.*

1591.

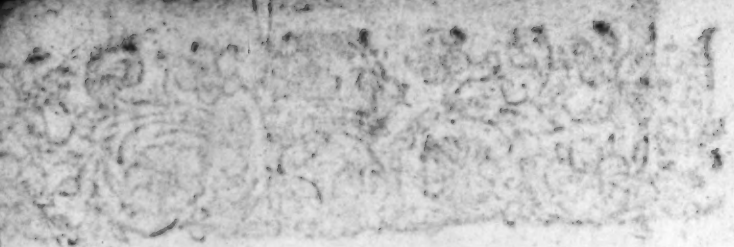


L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to bee solde by  
*William Wright*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard  
neere to the French Schoole.

1591.





by speeches and

HONORARY

presented to the Queen

MARTIN in Progress at Conway in

St. Mary's Church



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Stiles and sold by  
William Wight dwelling in Pauls Churchyard  
near to the French School

1721



THE HONORABLE  
Entertainment giuen to her Ma-  
iestie in Progresse at Cowdray in Suffex by the  
*Lord Montecute Anno. 1591.*  
*August. 14.*



He Queens  
M. A I E.  
S T Y came  
with a great  
traine to the  
right Ho-  
norable the  
Lorde *Mon-  
tacutes*, vp-  
on saterdaie  
being the 14  
daie of Au-  
guste about

eight of the clocke at night. Where vpon sight  
of her Maiestie, loud musicke sounded, which at  
her enteraunce on the bridge suddenly ceased.  
Then was a speech deliuered by a personage in  
armour, standing betweene two Porters, carued



out of wood, he resembling the third : holding his club in one hand, and a key of golde in the other, as followeth.

*Saterday.*

*The Porters speech.*

**T**He walles of Thebes were raised by Musicke : by musick these are kept from falling . It was a prophesie since the first stone was layde , that these walles should shake, and the rooffe totter , till the wisest, the fairest and most fortunate of all creatures, should by her first steppe make the foundation staid : and by the glaunce of her eyes make the Turret steddie . I haue beene here a Porter manie yeeres , many Ladies haue entred passing amiable , many verie wise , none so happie . These my fellow Porters thinking there could bee none such , fell on sleepe, and so incurde the seconde curse of the prophesie , which is, neuer againe to awake : Marke how they looke more like postes then Porters, reteining onlie their shapes, but deprived of their senses. I thought rather to cut off my eie liddes , then to winke till I saw the ende . And now it is : for the musick is at an end, this house immouable, your vertue immortall. O miracle of time, Natures glorie, Fortunes Empresse, the worlds wonder ! Soft, this is the Poets part, and not the Porters . I haue nothing to present but the crest of mine office, this keie : Enter , possesse all, to whom the  
heauens



heauens haue vouchsafed all. As for the owner of  
this house, mine honourable Lord, his tongue is the keie  
of his heart: and his heart the locke of his soule. There-  
fore what he speakes you may constantlie beleene: which  
is, that in duetie and service to your Maiestie, he would  
be second to none: in praieng for your happinesse, equall  
to anie.

Tuus O Regina quod optas  
Explorare fauor: huic iussa capescere fas est.

*Mundaie.*

**O**N Munday at 8. of the clock in the mor-  
ning, her Highnes took horse with all her  
Traine, and rode into the Parke: where  
was a delicate Bowre prepared, vnder the which  
were placed her Highnes Musitians, and this dit-  
tie following song while her Maiestie shot at the  
Deere.



**A Dittie.**

**B**Ehold her lockes like wiers of beaten gold,  
her eies like starres that twinkle in the skie,  
Her heauenly face not framed of earthly molde,  
Her voice that sounds Apollos melodie,  
The miracle of time, the worlds storie,  
Fortunes Queen, Loues treasure, Natures glory.

No



No flattering hope she likes, blind Fortunes bait  
 nor shadowes of delight, fond fanfies glasse,  
 Nor charmes that do inchant, false artes deceit,  
 nor fading ioyes, which time makes swiftly pas  
 But chaste desires which beateth all these downe,  
 A Goddesse looke is worth a Monarchs crowne.

Goddesse and Monarch of his happie Ile,  
 vouchsafe this bow which is an huntresse part  
 Your eies are arrows though they seeme to smile  
 which neuer glanst but gald the stateliest hart,  
 Strike one, strike all, for none at all can flie,  
 They gaze you in the face although they die.

Then rode hir Grace to *Cowdrey* to dinner, and  
 aboute fixe of the clocke in the euening from a  
 Turret sawe sixteene Buckes (all hauing fayre  
 lawe) pulled downe with *Greyhoundes* in a laund.

### *Tewesdaie.*

On *Tewesdaie* her Maiestie went to dinner to  
 the *Priory*, where my Lord himselfe kept house,  
 and there was she and her Lordes most bounti-  
 fully feasted.

### The Pilgrimes speech.

**F**airest of all creatures vouchsaf to heare the prayer  
 of a Pilgrime, which shall be short, and the petition  
 which



which is but reasonable. God graunt the world maie  
 ende with your life, and your life more happie then anie  
 in the world: that is my praier. I haue trauelled manie  
 Countries, and in all Countries desire antiquities. In  
 this Iland (but a spanne in respect of the world) and in  
 this Shire (but a finger in regard of your Realme) I haue  
 heard great cause of wonder, some of complaint. Harde  
 by, and so neere as your Maiestie shall almost passe by, I  
 sawe on Oke, whose statelines nayled mine eies to the  
 branches, and the ornamentes beguiled my thoughtes  
 with astonishment. I thought it free, being in the fieldes,  
 but I found it not so. For at the verie entrie I mette I  
 know not with what rough-hewed Ruffian, whose armes  
 wer carued out of knotty box, for I could receue nothing  
 of him but boxes, so hastie was he to strike, he had no ley-  
 sure to speake. I thought there were more waies to the  
 wood then one, and finding another passage, I found also  
 a Ladie verie faire, but passing frowarde, whose words  
 set mee in a greater heate then the blowes. I asked her  
 name, she said it was Peace. I wondred that Peace could  
 neuer holde her peace. I cannot perswade my selfe since  
 that time, but that there is a waspes nest in mine eares.  
 I returned discontent. But if it will please your Highnesse  
 to vew it, that rude Champion at your faire feete will  
 laie downe his foule head: and at your becke that Ladie  
 will make her mouth her tongues mue. Happelie your  
 Maiestie shall finde some content: I more antiqui-  
 ties.

Then did the Pilgrime conduct her Highnes

B

to



to an Oke not farre off, whereon her Maiesties armes, and all the armes of the Noblemen, and Gentlemen of that Shire, were hanged in Escut-chions most beutifull, and a wilde man cladde in Iuie, at the sight of her Highnesse spake as folow-eth.

The wilde mans speech at the tree.

**M**ightie Princeesse, whose happines is attended by the heauens, and whose gouernment is wonderred at vpon the earth: vouchsafe to heare why this passage is kept, and this Oke honoured. The whole world is drawen in a mappe: the heauens in a Globe: and this Shire shrunke in a Tree: that what your Maie-  
stie hath oftē heard off with some comfort, you may now beholde with full content. This Oke, from whose bodie so many armes doe spread: and out of whose armes so many fingers spring: resembles in parte your strength & happinesse. Strength, in the number and the honour: happinesse, in the truethe and consent. All heartes of Oke, then which nothing surer: nothing sounder. All wouen in one roote, then which nothing more constant, nothing more naturall. The wall of this Shire is the sea, strong, but rampired with true hearts, inuincible: where euery priuate mans eie is a Beacon to discover: e-  
uerie noble mans power a Bulwarke to defende. Here they are all differing somewhat in degrees, not in dutie: the greatnes of the branches, not the greenesse. Your ma-  
iesty they account the Oke, the tree of Iupiter, whose roote



is so deeptie fastened, that treacherie, though shee vndermine to the centre, cannot finde the windings, and whose toppe is so highlie reared, that enuie, though she shoote on copheigh, cannot reach her, under whose armes they haue both shade and shelter. Well wot they that your enemies lightnings are but flashes, and their thunder which fillles the whole world with a noise of conquest, shall end with a softe shower of Retreat. Be then as confident in your steppes, as Cæsar was in his Fortune. His proceedings but of conceit: yours of vertue. Abroad courage hath made you feared, at home honoured clemencie. Clemencie which the owner of this Groue hath tasted: in such sort, that his thoughts are become his hearts labyrinth, surprized with ioye and loialtie. Ioy without measure, loyaltie without end, liuing in no other eyer, then that which breathes your Maiesties safetie.

For himselfe, and all these honourable Lords, and Gentlemen, whose shieldes your Maiestie doeth here behold, I can say this, that as the veines are dispersed through all the bodie, yet when the heart feelet any extreame passion, sende all their bloud to the heart for comfort: so they being in diuers places, when your Maiestie shall but stande in feare of any daunger, will bring their bodies, their purses, their soules, to your Highnesse, being their heart, their head, and their Soueraigne. This passage is kept straight, and the Pilgrime I feare hath complained: but such a disguised worlde it is, that one can scarce know a Pilgrime from a Priest, a Tailor from a Gentleman, nor a man from a woman.



Euerie one seeming to be that which they are not, onely  
do practise what they should not. The heanens guide  
you, your Maiestie gouernes vs: though our peace bee  
enuied, by you we hope it shall be eternall.

Elizabetha Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

*The Dittie.*

**T**Here is a bird that builds her neast with spice,  
and built, the Sun to ashes doth her burne,  
Out of whose finders doth another rise.

& she by scorching beames to dust doth turne:  
Thus life a death, and death a life doth proue,  
The rarest thing on earth except my loue.

My loue that makes his neast with high desires,  
and is by beauties blaze to ashes brought,  
Out of the which do breake out greater fires,  
they quenched by disdain consume to nought,  
And out of nought my cleereft loue doth rise,  
True loue is often flaine but neuer dies.

True loue which springs, though Fortune on it  
as camomel by pressing down doth grow (tread  
Or as the Palme that higher reares his head,  
whẽ men great burrhens on the branches throw  
Loue fanfies birth, Fidelitie the wombe,  
the Nurse Delight, Ingratitude the tombe.

Then vppon the winding of a Corne was  
most excellent crie of hounds, with whome  
Maiestie hunted and had good sport.

*Wednes*



(9)  
Wednesdaie.

On wednesdaie the Lords and Ladies dined in the walkes, feasted most sumptuously. In the euening her Maiestie comming to take the pleasure of the walkes, was delighted with most delicate musicke, and brought to a goodly Fishpond where was an Angler, that taking no notice of hir Maiestie, spake as followeth.

*The Anglers Speech.*

**N**Ext rowing in a Westerne barge well fare Angling, I haue bin here this two houres and cannot catch an oyster. It may be for lacke of a bait, & that were hard in this nibling world, where euerie man laies bait for another. In the Citie merchants bait their tongues with a lie and an oath, and so make simple men swallow deceitfull wares: and fishing for commoditie is growen so farre, that men are become fishes, for Lande lords put such sweete baits on rackt rents, that as good it were to be a perch in a pikes belly, as a Tenant in theyr farmes. All our trade is growen to trecherie, for now fish are caught with medicins: which are as vnwholsom as loue procured by witchcraft vnfortunate. We Anglers make our lines of diuers colours, according to the kindes of waters: so doe men their loues, aiming at the complexion of the faces. Thus Marchandize, Loue, and Lordships sucke venom out of vertue. I think I shal  
fish



fish all daie and catch a frog, the cause is neither in the line, the hooke, nor the bait, but some thing there is ouer beautifull which stayeth the verie Minow (of all fish the most eager) from biting. For this we Anglers obserue, that the shadow of a man turneth backe the fish. What will then the sight of a Goddesse? It is best angling in a lowring daie, for here the Sunne so glisters, that the fish see my hooke through my bait. But soft here be the Netters, these be they that cannot content them with a dish of fish for their supper, but will draw a whole pond for the market.

This saide, he espied a Fisherman, drawing his nettes towarde where hir Maiestie was. And calling alowde to him. Ho Sirra (quoth the Angler) What shall I giue thee for thy draught, If there be neuer a whale in it take it for a Noble quoth the Netter.

*Ang.* Be there any maydes there?

*Net.* Maydes foole, they be sea fish.

*Ang.* Why?

*Net.* Venus was borne of the Sea, and tis reason she should haue maydes to attend hir.

Then turned he to the Queene, and after a small pawse, spake as followeth.



**M**ADAME, it is an olde saying, There is no fishing to the sea, nor seruice to the King: but it holdes when the sea is calme & the king vertu-



ous. Your vertue doth make Enuie blush, and Enuie stands amazed at your happines. I come not to tell the art of fishing, nor the natures of fish, nor their daintines, but with a poore Fisher mans wishe, that all the hollowe heartes to your Maiestie were in my net, and if there bee more then it will holde, I woulde they were in the sea till I went thether a fishing.

There bee some so muddie minded, that they can not liue in a cleere riuer but a standing poole, as camells will not drinke till they haue troubled the water with their feet: so can they neuer stanch their thirst, till they haue disturbd the state with their trecheries. Soft, these are no fancies for fisher men. Yes true hearts are as good as full purses, the one the sinewes of war, the other the armes. A dish of fish is an unworthie present for a prince to accept: there be some carpes amongst them, no carpers of states, if there be, I would they might bee handled lyke carpes, their tongues pulled out. Some pearches there are I am sure, and if anie pearch higher than in dutie they ought, I would they might sodenly picke ouer the pearch for me. What so euer there is, if it be good it is all yours, most excellent Ladie, that are best worthie of the greatest good.

That ended,

*This Song of the Fisher man.*

**T**HE fish that seeks for food in siluer streame  
is vnawares beguiled with the hooke,  
And tender harts when left of loue they dreame,  
do swallow beauties bait, a louely looke.

The



The fish that shuns to bite, in net doth hit,  
The heart that scapes the eie is caught by wit.

The thing cald Loue, poore Fisher men do feele  
rich pearles are found in hard & homely shels  
Our habits base, but hearts as true as steele,  
sad lookes, deep sighs, flat fau[n]t are all our spels,  
And when to vs our loues seeme faire to bee.  
We court them thus, Loue me and Ile loue thee.  
And if they saie our loue is fondly made,  
we neuer leaue rill on their hearts we lide,  
Anglers haue patience by their proper trade,  
and are content to tarrie till they bite,  
Of all the fish that in the waters moue,  
We count them lumps that will not bite at loue.

*For the rest*

*For the rest of the Entertainment, honorable feasting,  
and abundance of all things that might manifest a libe-  
rall and a loyall heart, because I was not there, I cannot  
set downe, thus much by report I heare, & by the words  
of those that deserue credite, that it was such as much  
contented her Maiestie, and made many others to  
wonder. And so her Maiestie well pleased with her  
welcome, & he broughtly comforted with her*

*Highnesse gracious acceptance, shee  
went from thence to Chi-  
chester.*



*V*



